T. Sunc del et Sc.

THE TYTHE PIG.

Ralph's Wife and Son as Gossips tell,
Both at a time in Peices fell;
The Vicar comes, the Pig he Claims,
And the good Wife with taunts inflames,

But she quite arch bow'd low and Smil'd,
Kept back the Pig, Ralph held the Child,
The Priest look'd warm the Dame look'd big,
Z–ds Sir! quoth She, no Child no Pig.

Printed for T. Fox. according to Act of Parliament March 13. 1752.

Job Lousley's Book
Blewberry Berks 1820

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AT THE

COUNTRY C——y.

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SATIRE

ON THE

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Auri sacra fames!

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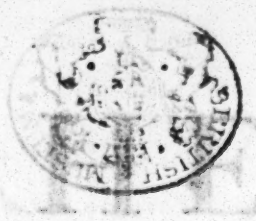

A

LICK

AT THE

COUNTRY C——y.

SAY, Miſtreſs MUSE, for you can tell,
Of all the Men on Earth who dwell,
Who take the utmoſt Care and Pains
To make of Godlineſs their Gains;
Who, like the Phariſees of old,
Sell Heav'n and all its Joys for Gold;
Who in their Garb appear like Saints,
Yet on their Luſts lay no Reſtraints;
Who, while they Rev'rence claim alone,
Skin the poor People to the Bone.

BEHOLD the Men! — our Teachers now!
Who with a ſupercilious Brow

Homage

Homage from High and Low demand,
And due Submiſſion Cap in Hand.
Heav'n's Delegates they are (they ſay)
To ſhew to Bliſs the neareſt Way,
Leſt you and I ſhould go aſtray.
And ſurely you ſhould never grudge
(At leaſt if Reaſon be the Judge)
Your paltry Pelf with them to ſhare,
For all their holy Zeal and Care;
For all the Pains with which they ſtrive
That you in Happineſs may live.

If ſuch there be (grant Heav'n there may!)
Who labour hard both Night and Day,
Who at all Seaſons pray and preach,
And poor deluded Sinners teach;
Such would I grudge no earthly Good,
But ſerve them with my Wealth and Blood:
But ſuch (by far the greater Number)
Who are but Holy Church's Lumber;

Who

Who without Modeſty or Grace,
Still graſp at ev'ry falling Place;
Dangle at Court, and haunt Levees,
And flatter Vice, themſelves to raiſe;
Employ their Study, Care and Wit,
The fatteſt Livings how to get,
That they may be as rich as *Cræſus*;
(O how unlike their Maſter *J*——!)
Such are the grinning Satire's Sport,
No others ſhe intends to hurt.

TIMES Primitive — 'tis wondrous ſtrange —
Have had a moſt ſurprizing Change.
Religion, which had once ſuch Force,
Is now a poor lean ſtalking Horſe;
And that which once made Saints and Martyrs,
The Prieſt for Wealth and Honour barters.
Gold is the Idol he adores,
And its Almighty Aid implores.
Pleaſure, and all the Pride of Life,
Is now the Churchman's pious Strife.

The Paſtor, who ſhould feed his Flock
With all the Scripture's ſacred Stock;
Who his dear harmleſs Sheep ſhould nouriſh,
And weakly Younglings bear and cheriſh,
Imagines it a venial Sin
To fleece them to the very Skin.

BISHOPS, we read, in antient Time,
Deem'd Avarice a heinous Crime.
With their own Hands they wrought, to ſpare
The Church — the Church was all their Care;
Through their ſmall Dioceſes trudg'd
On Foot, nor any Labour grudg'd;
Content their Maſter ſo to pleaſe,
Ne'er gap'd for richer Benefice.
Their Souls were uncorrupt and pure,
And never long'd for *Sine Cure*.
Commendams then were Things unknown,
Though now in mighty Faſhion grown;
To ſave poor Souls their ruling Paſſion,
And never dreamt of a *Tranſlation*,

Except

Except to Heav'n from Pains and Woes,
And from the Malice of their Foes.

ALL this is true, and 'tis allow'd
That Churchmen once were very good.
They preach'd, and pray'd, and ſung their Pſalms,
And fed the Poor with chearing Alms:
But why? becauſe they did not know
What with their Money elſe to do.
Their Goods and Chattels, nay, their All
Were ſubject to a Tyrant's Call.
But now much alter'd is the Caſe,
The Church can ſhew aloft her Face;
She thrives and flouriſhes amain,
Nor is her Splendor like to wane;
In Lands and Riches bravely grown,
She ſpreads her Shadow far around.
Beneath her Branches, ſee! ſhe feaſts
An Army of fat brawney Prieſts:
How glorioufly their Faces ſhine!
Their Bellies how they ſtrut with Wine!

Content

Content and Pleaſure, Mirth and Glee,
In ev'ry jolly Face we ſee.
With Honours many dignify'd,
Indulge in all the Luſt of Pride.
Others, with various Plenty bleſs'd,
Sit down content with Wealth and Reſt;
And that their Health may run no Riſque,
Employ their Drudges at the Deſk.

THE Prelate thinks it no Reproach
To troll the Streets in ſtately Coach;
Nor is aſham'd to own he deals
In Stocks and Funds, and buys and ſells,
And as the Market falls or riſes,
He every lucky Minute ſeizes
When the beſt Bargain may be had,
For Profit makes his Heart full glad.

CHRIST ſays, *Be not ye called Lords*,
In *Matthew* you will find the Words;
But what was then adjudg'd a Crime,
Is Duty in a Length of Time.

The

Th' Apoſtles were poor honeſt Men,
And ill wou'd ſuit them *Lord* or *Dean*;
But ſince the Church is rich and great,
Her Sons may ſurely ſwell in State.
Like Stars they ſhould adorn their Sphere,
And ſhine illuſtrious far and near,
That from their elevated Station,
They may enlighten all the Nation;
And 'tis no Doubt for that Intent
They get them Seats in P——t.

THE Vicar, who by Simony,
Or by the Juggle of a Fee,
(Though he muſt ſwear he never bought
The Living, nor had promis'd ought)
His Talents quickly will reveal,
And what's the Object of his Zeal.
Firſt 'tis his Care to underſtand
The Latitude of his Command;
Who is beſt able, who is not,
To pay a Shilling, or a Groat;

What Grain is growing in the Fields,
And what each Goody's Henrooſt yields;
What Ducks are dabling in the Pond,
(Of Ducks the Doctor's mighty fond;)
What Poultry Gammer *Cuddy* has,
And what the Eggs each Pullet lays.
He ſearches round in ev'ry Stie,
If Sow and Pigs he can deſcry;
A num'rous Litter makes him grin,
For one is his of nine or ten,
Though the poor Owner's Family
As numerous in Children be,
And thoſe by Labour hard maintain'd,
And what by ſweaty Brow he gain'd;
Though the good Dame with Child is big,
He'll not abate a Chick or Egg;
The Wretch that dares conceal but one,
Is ſure enough to be undone.
Deaf to his Cries, to Pity ſlow,
The Doctor will no Mercy ſhow;

What

He'll nothing hear; 'tis all mere Babble;
What, cheat the Church! abominable!
Then ſets his Lawyer Bull-dogs on,
Who tear the very Skin from Bone.
And when the Charges can't be paid,
The Wretch in diſmal Jail is laid;
His miſerable Children left
Of their coarſe daily Fare bereft,
Without a Cruſt themſelves to nouriſh,
Muſt beg, or ſtarve, or come to Pariſh.

THE while the proud, and churliſh Prieſt
Is daily feathering his Neſt.
His Table's ſpread with ev'ry Dainty,
And ev'n ſurcharg'd with boundleſs Plenty.
His Cellar's ſtor'd with humming Ale,
With which the Squire and he regale;
Talk Politicks and lewd Amours,
Their general Topicks of Diſcourſe:
A Stock beſides you there will find
Of Brandy, Rum, and gen'rous Wine:

When

When e're he dies, his Neighbonrs tell ye,
He'll die no Debtor to his Belly.

THE Squire, to make the Doctor Fun,
Tells him what roguiſh Tricks he'd done;
How many Cuckolds he had made,
And how he managed the Trade;
What Farmer's Daughters, pretty Maids,
He robbed of their Maidenheads;
How he provided for their Brats,
And how he ſerv'd his loving Mates.
One he had marry'd to his Plowman,
And made her ſo an honeſt Woman.
Another, when her Spirits fail'd her,
He ſtitched to an honeſt Taylor;
And then to make the Man more willing,
He portion'd her with forty Shilling.
How he was puzled with another
Who had been tutor'd by her Mother,
And ſwore her Conſcience ſhe'd not wrong,
Nor would be wheedled with a Song,

And

And that an honeſt Man ſhould not
Father the Child he never got;
And ſo, to ſtop her noiſy Tongue,
Which a perpetual Larum rung,
He gave her fifty Guineas down,
And pack'd her off to *London* Town.
While in his Pranks the Squire prides,
The Doctor almoſt ſplits his Sides,
Chuckles at ev'ry luſcious Jeſt,
And drinks a Bumper to the beſt.

WHILE thus he guttles, prates, and ſwigs,
Careful he is that no Fatigues
Of too much Duty ſhall impair
His Health — his Health is all his Care.
He thinks — and ſure his Thoughts are wiſe —
That too much Study hurts his Eyes.
To make a Sermon, ſplit a Text,
His tender Brains muſt not be vex'd;
For when at Church he opes his Mouth,
You hear good *Tillotſon* or *South*.

His Curate, a poor tatter'd Drudge,
Muſt do the reſt without a Grudge.
A ſorry Pittance he's allow'd,
Although his Merit's e're ſo good.
Sometimes the Doctor will invite
The Slave with him to eat a Bit;
But that's an Honour great and rare,
And ſcarcely happens thrice a Year.

THE Church in Danger well may be,
When we ſuch rotten Pillars ſee;
Well may her Flocks be bare and lean,
When ſheared to the naked Skin.
The Sheep indeed may go aſtray
When they've no Guide to lead the Way;
Eaſy the Wolves the Lambs devour,
Left by the Shepherds to their Pow'r.

FROM Swarms of Locuſts Heav'n defend us,
And not by Plagues and Judgments mend us.

FINIS.